There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on ashwensday was foure yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croste,
I have a Father, you a daughter loste. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Ma

Grat. This is the penth
Desired us to make stand.

Gra. And it is marvell
For Lovers ever runne bef

Saler. O tenne times fa
To scale Loves bonds new
To keepe obliged faith unf

Gra. That ever holds
With that keene appetite t
Where is the horse that d
His teadious measures, wit
That he did pace them firs
Are with more spirit chase
How like a younger, or a p
The skarfed Barke puts fro
Hugg'd and embraced by t
How like the Prodigall do
With over-weatherd ribb
Leane, rent, and begger'd

En

Saler. Heere comes *Lo*

Lor. Sweet friends, yo
Not I, but my affaires, hav
When you shall please to
Ile watch as long for you t
Here dwels my Father Iew

Ies. Who are you? tel
Albeit Ile sweare that I do

Lor. *Lorenso* and thy L

Ies. *Lorenso* certaine, a
For who love I so much?
But you *Lorenso*, whether

Lor. Heaven and thy th

Ies. Here catch this Cas
I am glad tis night you do
For I am much asham'd of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAN